

# QUEENSBORO MARKET A STUDY IN FOREIGN COLOR



The wife of the laborer and the bride who comes in her own limousine are equally keen as bargain hunters.

## Every Type in Cosmopolitan New York to Be Found There on a Busy Morning

ANY one who wishes to see picturesque life no longer need to go abroad to find it. Here in New York city, right under the very noses of persons who are continually talking of the delights of foreign travel and the picturesque things to be seen on the other side, are to be found every bit as interesting and picturesque scenes.

When the Queensboro Bridge was first opened it was a picturesque sight in itself. The constant procession, the never ending stream of vehicles of all kinds, gave a bewildering display of life that was fascinating and this same wonderful panorama that still is going on all the time cannot be equalled anywhere else in the world. There may be a certain crudeness, a lack of the finish, softness and mellowness that only age can be-

stow and which Queensboro Bridge certainly lacks, but probably nowhere else in the world can be found such variety of types of people as well as vehicles, while the stir and bustle of life are almost too exciting and exhilarating in their ceaseless rush.

But there are other things besides the ceaseless stream over the bridge that are interesting and picturesque in the extreme and the procession that goes along the side of the bridge toward what is known as the open market must delight the soul of any artist or student of human nature.

In bad weather and in fine weather, on the coldest days as well as the mildest days, are to be seen the very best type of our American housewives on their way to stock the family larder. There is no distinction of class or of age. Rich and poor alike

sally forth to replenish their larders and to bargain in thoroughly foreign fashion for the meats and vegetables and fruit that are displayed along the pavement as well as in the stalls under the bridge itself.

Long lines of motors surround the market streets, while footmen are seen carrying bundles and packages and baskets of every kind and description back to the motors, where the supercilious chauffeurs reluctantly try to make room for them. Apparently the footmen enter more into the amusement of the thing, and quite enjoy standing by while my Lady makes her purchases, going from stall to stall and from salesman to salesman, to find cauliflowers, potatoes, artichokes and vegetables of all kinds for a cent or two less from one dealer than from another. Those purchasers not blessed with footmen and motors all carry the market bag, which is quite the insignia of the good housekeeper. By the way, the dealer in these same market bags must have reaped a harvest this winter from their sale, as so many have been disposed of, while there is always a large pile of them to be had.

They are made of black leather, with large handles, that can be swung over the arm, and are large enough to carry meat and vegetables enough for at least one day for a family of ordinary size.

Then there are the tall baskets which are borne about by the boys and men, who are waiting to make a few pennies by delivering the provisions brought to the home of the purchaser. The high basket of Queensboro Bridge market filled with meat, poultry, vegetables and topped off with grapefruit, oranges and apples, has just as many good color points as were ever seen in the markets of Europe.

Most of the dealers are foreigners, with Italians apparently in the majority. As the popularity of the market grows they are taking more trouble to show their wares to better advantage, and wherever possible, are introducing color schemes in fruits and vegetables as decoration. On Good Friday the whole market was ablaze with plants, for all of the dealers anticipated a wonderful run on Easter flowers. Unfortunately their hopes were dashed by the storm of

April 3. Automobiles were on hand, but, as the bargaining for goods has to go on in the open, those who went to market in motors were almost as badly off as those who attempted to walk, and the most successful bargainer lost courage in the face of such odds. After Easter the sellers took courage again, and now the market is blossoming once more, although it is not in any sense a flower market.

When the market first opened it was recognized as a great convenience whereby the producer and the purchaser could meet without the agency of the middleman. From the first it has proved a success in cutting the cost of living for the average housekeeper.

As more and more housekeepers of more than the average means have found out the possibilities the attendance has steadily grown until going to market has become quite a social affair, and Saturday morning a list of "among those present" is quite the same as the list of those at the opera the evening before. There is not much time to talk.

"I found the most wonderful oranges

## Rich and Poor Alike Elbow Each Other in a Ceaseless Stream of Bargain Hunting

over there," can be heard. "Do you know that you can find the most extraordinary mushrooms for such a price, one-third of what is asked at my grocer's." It may be questioned when all is added up in dollars and cents as to who has come out ahead, but there has been the delightful sense of competition and of having secured a bargain, than which there is no pleasure more keen.

The market is well worth visiting if one is on the outlook for types that are intensely interesting and delightfully foreign. The old women with their shawls over their heads are quite as much interested in the fashionable who are shopping beside them as in getting their own provisions, but they are keen bargainers, these same old women, with the most picturesque flow of language. The

wife of some well to do mechanic may be seen feeling the breast of a turkey or pulling the wings and making rapid calculations as to whether the daily menu cannot be improved or made more attractive.

It has become the fashion for ladies and bridegrooms of the wealthier classes to visit the market on Saturday morning. If a trip to the country is planned the market is visited first and the motor kept waiting while the bride finds she can save at least 15 cents on the day's outlay. The young husband carrying the packages escorts her back to the motor and they start off more than ever content with life and its possibilities, since they have saved 15 cents. Who would give a thought to the gasoline consumed in comparison with being such a successful manager?

## BASEBALL PLAYED ON A VACANT FIFTH AVENUE LOT BY NEW YORK BUSINESS MEN



Three critical periods in a hotly contested game between the Calumet Club and the Racquet and Tennis Club.

BASEBALL in winter in New York city by an organization exclusive, but with all the enthusiasm and interest that attends any of the famous games; and this in the very heart of the city and this on a vacant lot on Fifth avenue. Can such a thing be in this supposedly effete town? It can be, and it is, and every Saturday afternoon all winter long these games have been played behind the high board fence surrounded with wire netting on Fifth

avenue, on the block between Seventy-first and Seventy-second streets. This fence has been all winter the object of much interest to those who have not known what was going on behind it and to those keenly excited passengers on the tops of the Fifth avenue buses who have caught a glimpse of the field from time to time and heard shouts of encouragement from what were assuredly rooters.

The Interclub League was started three years ago by Justice Corrigan of

the Calumet Club and Justice Kernochan of the Knickerbocker Club. The first games were played in a vacant lot at Thirtieth street. Now the organization is well established and most successful and consists of five clubs—the Knickerbocker, the Calumet, the Union, the University and the Racquet and the officers of the Twelfth Regiment, N. G. N. Y. When the weather and the ground make it an absolute impossibility to play in the field the game takes place in the

Twelfth Regiment Armory; but never a week goes by without one being played. There is a grand stand of the most primitive kind on the ball field and the benches are always filled with most interested spectators, men and women, who apparently find baseball games quite as exciting as their forefathers found the old village game of "rounders." Any one who says that New Yorkers cannot enjoy the simple life should take an afternoon off and sit on this same grand stand, where he

will find himself surrounded by representatives of the best known New York families, who are having "the time of their lives" and whose excitement over the game never falters. There is a blind door in the fence, guarded by a man in khaki, one of the Twelfth Regiment men, and there are one or two other men in the same uniform on the field. Altogether there is a certain air of mystery along that part of the avenue, but New Yorkers become accustomed to everything, few

take more than a passing interest. The men who play are in the prime of life. There are few if any of them under 25 and from 30 to 40 seems to be the average age. Many of the players have gained renown at school or college on baseball teams, and they seem to find just as much pleasure and excitement in the game as they did when they were schoolboys. One hears so much of the great love of sport in Europe, and so much is constantly being said and written as to

the delight that foreigners take in simple pleasures at which New Yorkers would scoff. Could anything be simpler than such a baseball game? Could anything be so in motion? Could anything be so in motion? The ground surrounded by the fence and the Central Park at its most beautiful location, while the men who play are the most without exception, the means at their command for the most of sport they may desire.